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Springfield Republic

EVENING AND WEEKLY.

The REPUBLIC prints the New York and West  
era Associated Press Dispatches and the Boston  
Cable Foreign Telegrams.

C. M. NICHOLS, THOS. G. BROWN,  
PRESIDENT, SECRETARY AND TREASURER

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FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1887.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Governor,  
J. B. FOSKICKER.  
Lieutenant Governor,  
W. C. LYON.  
Supreme Judge (long term),  
W. M. T. PEAR.  
Supreme Judge (short term),  
F. J. DICKMAN.  
State Auditor,  
E. W. POE.  
State Treasurer,  
J. C. BROWN.  
Attorney General,  
D. K. WATSON.  
Member Board Public Works,  
C. A. FLECKINGER.

11th Senatorial District.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

Representative,  
GEORGE C. RAWLINS.  
Probate Judge,  
JOHN C. MILLER.  
Auditor,  
O. F. SEVENS.  
Clerk,  
JAMES L. RABBITTS.  
Recorder,  
S. A. TODD.  
Commissioner,  
W. H. STERNETT.  
Infantry Director,  
JOHN M. EDEWART.  
Coroner,  
J. M. BENNETT.

We have rescued the state from bankruptcy  
and maintained and advanced her credit to  
the highest point it has ever reached. We  
have largely reduced the public bonded debt.  
We have cut down the interest charge so as to  
make each year a saving on that account  
alone of \$87,200. We have saved the state from  
the aggregate of the personal property of  
the state on the duplicate for taxation; we  
have largely increased that aggregate; and  
thus, by bringing new values on the duplicate,  
have reduced the burdens that previously  
rested on the lands and other visible prop-  
erty of the state. We have greatly checked the  
growth of local indebtedness, and have, by  
taxing the liquor traffic, relieved the annual  
burden of local taxation to the extent of \$2,  
000,000. We have secured honest elections in  
all the cities, and we have once more given  
Cincinnati a creditable government and a  
good name.—Governor Finkler's opening speech at  
Caldwell.

Jack Frost hovers in the air these mid-  
September nights.

Ex-Senator Fair succeeds J. C. Flood as  
president of the national bank of Nevada.

Urban's "business exchange" is about  
on a footing with Springfield's "board of  
trade." Both will probably take a new  
start soon.

It appears that Chauncey M. Depew is  
also in pretty robust health. A friend pre-  
dicts that he will have the vote of New  
York's delegation to the next national re-  
publican convention.

Chairman Dungan, of the Ohio democra-  
tic committee, is making a record for himself  
as a blow-hard. If a campaign can be run  
on wind, Dungan will be able to come out  
ahead. But it cannot, and he will not.

Experts are trying to discern the "where-  
abouts" of a person who used to be known  
as Carl Schurz. Not that anybody cares  
much where he is, except in the way of  
curiosity. If he is never found nobody will  
weep.

Mayor Hewitt, of New York, is said to  
be trying to nurse a presidential bid in his  
bosom. The mayor is one of the ablest  
and best men in the democratic party.  
How much that means every man must de-  
cide for himself.

New York will celebrate the centennial  
of the actual establishment of the United  
States government, in that city, in April,  
1890. Whether the unveiling of the monu-  
ment to General Grant will be a feature of  
the occasion remains to be seen.

Considered on a per capita basis, the debt  
of Canada is two and a half times as large  
as that of the United States, and while we  
are decreasing ours Canada is increasing  
hers. In view of this fact the Yankees will  
probably not be very anxious for annexa-  
tion.

Messrs. Cassell & Company, 739 and 741  
Broadway, New York, have brought out  
their handsome and in all respects excellent  
Magazine of Art, the Family Magazine  
and the Quiver, for October. The man  
who has all three of these issues in his  
house furnishes to his family a great amount  
of very entertaining and instructive matter,  
mostly elegantly illustrated. Each of the  
three seems to be indispensable.

Senator John Sherman made a strong  
and sensible remark at Wilmington  
on Thursday, to a large audience of enthusias-  
tic republicans. This is what he said about  
the partisan prohibitionists:

No fair man will dispute the fact that the  
republican party has done more, and for  
its composition and tendencies, will do more  
for the cause of temperance than the demo-  
cratic party will or can do. The how  
law, placed by it on the statutes of Ohio, is  
a more effective measure in restraining and  
lessening the evils that flow from the liquor  
traffic, than any other measure proposed by  
either party. The leaders of the prohibi-  
tion party know full well that every meas-  
ure tending to promote prohibition or the  
restraint of the liquor traffic, has been and  
will be opposed by the democratic party, a  
party whose success in Ohio for four years  
has been given to it by those who sell, and  
by those who consume spirituous liquors.  
And yet our prohibition friends aim all  
their shafts at the republican party and  
not at the democratic party.

I know and I respect the strong and  
growing feeling in Ohio against intemper-  
ance and the saloon influence, and I believe  
the republicans of Ohio and of Clinton  
county will cheerfully aid in passing and  
enforcing all just and reasonable measures  
against these evils, but this can best be  
done through existing parties. If temper-  
ance men would only make their influence  
felt as members of both great parties, for  
both of these parties contain good temper-  
ance men, the great reform they propose  
would be more advanced than by separate  
action for extreme measures, which ex-  
ception shows can not and will not be en-  
forced in large cities and towns.

That is decidedly well put. It states the  
whole truth in a small compass.

What Senator Sherman said at Wilming-  
ton, Thursday, on the labor problem will be  
of especial interest here. It is as follows:

Every measure in the interest of the  
laborer in the statutes of Ohio and of the  
United States has been put there by the  
republican party. The honest law, the eight-  
hour law, the contract emigrant law, and  
that great system of public policy to pro-  
tect their labor from undue competition  
by protective duties on imported goods,  
have been the work of the republican  
party. The statute books of Ohio are full  
of laws to protect their homes and house-  
hold effects, to guard them in the mines and  
workshops, to secure their wages by lien  
and preference laws, to restrain the im-  
migration of infants and women. The last  
republican legislature passed many laws for  
their benefit. I ask them to point out when  
and where the republican party has failed  
to do justice to laboring men. Our long  
struggle for thirty years for the rights of  
the laborer has been to secure every man's  
liberty and equal rights. It is only when social-  
ists strike down the rules of society and  
order which dignify the homes of poor and  
rich alike, or when communists seek to en-  
joy the property acquired by the honest  
labor of others, or when anarchists seek to  
tear down all the institutions of modern  
civilization, that the republican party, as  
the conservative party of the country, re-  
sists their demands. These men are crim-  
inals and not laborers. They dishonor the  
word laborer who only seeks the free and  
full enjoyment of the fruits of his labor,  
and will neither rob nor steal his neighbor's  
property.

Hon. Andrew D. White, formerly presi-  
dent of Cornell university, says:

The president has nothing to build on in  
the democratic party when he undertakes  
to bring about civil service reform. With  
very few exceptions, the members of the  
party are opposed to it. The democratic  
party in the last twenty-five years has grad-  
ually accumulated in its ranks all the reac-  
tionary elements of our population. They  
can have no sympathy with civil service re-  
form; nor, indeed, any reform. No en-  
lightened citizen can expect anything from  
them in that direction or from their party,  
as they are in the majority and control its  
course. That is why I say that the republi-  
can leaders should take up the civil ser-  
vice reform in idea and push it in their party  
is the only one that can bring about the re-  
form.

That will do very well for a republican  
key-note for 1888.

Here are some questions which the New  
York Independent asks concerning school  
rooms, which should be pondered by the  
managers of our local schools:

Is the temperature of this room now be-  
tween 65 and 70?

Was this room well flushed with fresh air  
in the afternoon after the dismissal of the  
school?

Is the proportion of carbonic acid in the  
atmosphere of this room more than six  
parts in 10,000?

Is the ventilation of this room accom-  
plished without draught upon any pupil?

Is the light now admitted without in-  
jury to any pupil?

What pupils are compelled to hold their  
books nearer to their eyes than fifteen  
inches?

Is this owing to poor print, deficient  
light, improper desk, or is it a defect in the  
pupil's eyes?

In the fourth paper of his series on "The  
Economic Disturbances Since 1875," to ap-  
pear in the October Popular Science  
Monthly, Hon. David A. Wells will enforce  
his views that the recent decline in the  
prices of sugar, wheat, iron and other staple  
articles is in each case an inevitable conse-  
quence from a great multiplication and  
cheapening of commodities through new  
conditions of production and distribution,  
which, in turn have been mainly due to the  
progress of invention and discovery.

"The Savagery of Boyhood" is the strik-  
ing title of an instructive article by John  
Johnson, Jr., to be published in the Popu-  
lar Science Monthly for October, in which  
the author points out that, since a boy's  
development is an epitome of the develop-  
ment of the human race, he naturally  
passes through a stage when cruelty is so  
characteristic that a tender-hearted boy must  
be deemed defective.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A new oil well opened near Lima, O., is  
flowing four hundred barrels a day.

Emperor William fainted after the ban-  
quet at Stettin, Wednesday. He feels well  
again.

All of the United States except 31 cen-  
tural loan has been redeemed except \$1,  
971,000.

The Irish landlords held a conference in  
Dublin, and passed resolutions that they  
have followed a just course toward tenants.  
Returns from 157 poets of the department  
of Missouri, G. A. R., give a vote of 5,174  
for 47 against on the dependent pension bill.

Fifty-nine G. A. R. posts in Minnesota  
voted 1,792 for and 69 against the depen-  
dent pension bill. Ten other posts voted  
unanimously for the number of votes not  
being recorded.

At the hearing of the application for a  
receiver for the C. H. & D. V. Co. President  
Waite testified that Ives and Stayer  
changed his last annual report so as to  
show the company in a false light, and pre-  
ferred stock. Other reports were also  
changed.

The golden eagle offered by President  
Cleveland to the prize trippers at the East  
Aurora, N. Y., fair failed to bring out more  
than three sets. The prize went to Albert  
K. Dart, a farmer, near East Hamburg.  
Romeo and Juliet Jackson, children of a  
Pittsburg, Colorado, stock governor  
Hill's \$25 for negro twins.

Base Ball.—Cincinnati 4, Metropolitan 0;  
Cincinnati 11, Brooklyn 3; Cleveland 3,  
Philadelphia 8; Indianapolis 8, Indianapolis  
4; Pittsburg 5, Boston 4; Atlantic 9,  
Louisville 4; St. Louis 3, Baltimore 0;  
St. Louis 4, Baltimore 2; Detroit 11, Wash-  
ington 3; New York 4, Chicago 3; San Jose  
10, San Jose 6; Indianapolis 5, Eastern 5,  
Lafayette 4.

The racing stable of Sam Emory was  
sold at auction at Sheephead Bay, Thurs-  
day. Dry Marjorie was bought by Barney  
Riley, for \$5,100. Ten Booker was bought  
by the Keystone stable, for \$2,500; Senagoy  
by Lamsony Brothers, for \$2,500; Stover,  
by R. G. Clark, for \$1,400; Drake, by M.  
Corbett, for \$2,300. None of the others  
brought as much as \$1,000.

Cabinet photographs at Bueganer's, 53  
per dozen.

Try Wheldon & Merrill for coal.

AND THEN?

Shall we fold our hands when the fight is ended  
And the broken letters rain?  
When freedom comes after long bondage,  
Shall our hate be turned in love for ever,  
And the bitter past be forgotten all?

Shall we think no more on the blood shed  
On the days of want and the nights of woe,  
On the going chains and the sounds more galling,  
And the faintest murmur for vengeance calling,  
Where the graves like waves, lie now on rose?

Could we bury our hate in some desert lonely,  
Lessening the evils that flow from the liquor  
But there's not a rood of our land unwatered  
With the blood of myriads martyrs slaughtered  
In the glorious years that have gone before.

Had'st thou left us a poor folk's acre only  
We had tilled our better burden there.  
We had clasped in love the hand extended,  
Forgiving all when the fight was ended,  
But that fateful spot, we shall find it, where?

—James Jeffrey Roche in The Boston Pilot

## THE FLAMINGOES.

It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon,  
and Loanne was riding at the head of our  
column.

"Hello! snow!" he exclaimed, as we  
left the Valley of the Condors to descend  
into the open plain.

Snow, in the month of March, and in  
the southern hemisphere! It was enough  
to make us fancy that our advance guard  
had been struck—a fact which could  
not have astonished us in the least, as the  
heat was absolutely terrific in the valley. If  
one might give the name of valley to a  
great mountain gap bordered by enormous  
rocks, whose debris covered the soil as if  
to delay our advance and to keep us a still  
longer time in this cursed place. The only  
vegetation visible was represented by some  
giant lichen, whose silver colored  
ramifications could hardly be distinguished  
from that of the gray rock to which they  
clung as if glued to it.

"Are you going crazy?" cried Charles.  
"Well, you can see for yourself. If it  
isn't snow, it looks just like it. I'd swear  
it was snow if the day was not so hot."

The thermometer stood at 110 degrees.

We had no sooner reached the apex of  
this mountain ridge, than we were informed  
of us than we all uttered a cry of astonish-  
ment in unison. Not without reason!  
Before us, and limited apparently by the  
horizon only, stretched an immense sheet  
of dazzling whiteness, which under the  
burning sun seemed to send out myriads  
of tiny sparks. Indeed, one would have  
taken it for snow.

Speechless with surprise, we turned  
toward Barlejo and questioned him with  
our eyes.

The vaqueros laughed to himself; he  
enjoyed our astonishment.

"We are entering the great salinas,"  
he said at last, when he thought our pa-  
tience had been sufficiently put to the test.

The salinas! Don Cabral had told us  
about them when we were conversing  
about our route at the Estancia de Las  
Jarillas; but our imagination had never  
conceived a spectacle so grandiose in its  
uniformity.

As far as the eye could reach extend-  
ed a motionless ocean of salt as white as  
snow. Not one shadow in all that vast  
panorama, which reminded us of the  
immense Siberian steppes when win-  
ter spreads his spotless shroud over that  
kingdom of death and silence—not one  
single speck broke the monotony of white.

"Come, courage, now!" said Barlejo.  
"It's an ugly road to travel under a sun  
hot enough to roast an ox; but we've  
got to cross it before night, for unless  
we want to lose our horses we mustn't  
think of camping in the salinas."

"Are they very broad, those salinas?"  
asked a dozen miles.

"A dozen miles! Absolute misery for our  
horses, which were kept all the morning  
at a walk—the only gait possible in the  
Valley of the Condors."

Spurring our animals, we started at a  
gallop.

The three gauchos had allowed us to  
take the lead.

Our race did not last very long. The  
moment our horses touched the salt they  
stopped as suddenly as if nailed to the  
ground, the salty crust cracked under  
their feet with the crisp sound of snow.  
Then, stepping forward very cautiously,  
they proceeded at a walk.

Fancy the prospect of riding twelve  
miles under such conditions! And we had  
hoped to ride across the salinas at a  
gallop!

The heat was stifling. The white glare  
of the salt—purified and refined innum-  
erable times by washing and drying, rain  
and sun—absolutely blinded us. And to  
crown our misery, the north wind was  
blowing—a suffocating and enervating  
wind of the southern hemisphere. We  
felt as if in a furnace; never a breath of  
cool air to modify the frightful oven tem-  
perature.

The sunset came like an amiable guest,  
who, after having tantalized her adorers as  
long as possible, finally takes pity on them.  
The last sunbeams lent a ruddy color to all  
the naked and dismal landscape. Suddenly  
a great fire-red mass, that seemed to flash  
with occasional lightning, appeared upon  
our left, while before us a long band of  
verdure outlined itself sharply against the  
whiteness of the salt. At the same mo-  
ment our horses neighed. They scented  
water and accelerated their pace under  
the impulse of such a desire as only those  
who have traveled much in deserts can com-  
prehend.

Water! We were about to reach water.  
We turned on our horses with voice and  
hand; we had almost reached the laked  
when, at a signal from our guide, we  
drew rein and stopped short.

The spectacle which presented itself to  
our eyes was well worth a halt under any  
circumstances.

Emerging from the marshes, all in line,  
like veteran infantry, 2,000 or 3,000 gra-  
llic birds, with extraordinarily long necks  
and legs, were majestically advancing.  
Their body plumage was a rosy white;  
their wings fire-crimson.

"Look! flamingoes!" exclaimed Barlejo as  
we dismounted.

Concealed behind a curtain of reeds we  
could admire, without being seen, this  
army of aquatic birds marching in battle  
array, in several well marshaled bodies,  
each flanked by sentinels intrusted with  
the duty of keeping a lookout for the gen-  
eral security.

Luminous gleams radiated from the  
splendid wings of these birds—wings that  
seemed to clothe them as with mantles of  
purple upon which the sunlight played  
and danced. The crimson gleams shone  
and varied with the billowy walk of the  
birds—an oscillating gait, like that of sail-  
ors who have become so accustomed to the  
shaking and tossing of the sea that they  
walk like a sloop rocking on the waves.

The pink plumage of their necks and  
breasts made a delightful contrast with  
the fire-color of the background. It  
seemed like a flock of birds swimming in  
a sea of fire.

Al! how dull and sombre then seemed  
to the colors of these other flamingoes  
which people the Boniches du Rhone,  
and which we used to admire so much as chil-  
dren, when we were indulged with a walk  
to the pools of La Camargue.

Their order was admirable; their deport-  
ment as correct as possible.

With heads uplifted, beaks all forward,  
eyes fixed at a distance of fifty paces be-  
fore them, all marched in line; not one  
head or beak protruded before the rest;  
all their wings touched like so many elbows;  
they marched in close rank like those old  
grenadiers who used to delight the Parisi-  
ans on review days, at a time when the  
bearskin caps were still popular.

What a sight for a drill master! What  
a fine example to cite for those conscripts  
who, even after six months' training, will  
still persist in starting off right foot first!

The flamingoes steadily advanced across  
the salinas without a single break in an  
L-shaped line that would have done credit to  
a Prussian regiment. They marched straight  
upon the flame colored mass which we had  
already observed upon our left.

When suddenly that crimson mass, pre-  
viously immobile, took motion, became  
animated; and several thousands of other  
flamingoes stood upright upon their long  
stilts like legs. As they did so we caught  
sight of what we had not perceived before  
—an immense quantity of black points  
standing out in relief against the white of  
the salt.

These little black combs were their nests  
—the flamingoes were hatching.

At the approach of the troop they rose,  
and, with a gait as grave and dignified as  
that of their comrades, formed rank be-

some them. The latter then entered the  
crimson village, or settlement, formed of  
little elevations of earth, thrown up in the  
form of cones, with truncated summits  
hollowed out for the eggs. The birds  
sat down to hatch very gravely,  
astraddle of the cones.

The ceremony we had been looking at  
was that of relieving guard.

A new troop formed in rank and pro-  
ceeded to the watering place, by the same  
route which the others had left it. In  
their turn the flamingoes entered the  
fresh water lake to feed upon the tiny  
aquatic creatures which inhabit it.

But what is the matter with our  
horses? We can scarcely control them;  
they prick their ears, short shudder,  
tremble on their legs. Evidently some-  
thing unusual is going on.

Is it possible they are afraid of the  
flamingoes whose serried ranks are filling  
by?

"Look to your guns!" orders the  
gauchos.

The same moment that the gauchos  
jump to catch the heads of our horses we  
saw our guns. We are ready. Instan-  
taneously we had retired from the neigh-  
borhood of the reeds. Suddenly we hear a  
loud sound, as of trumpets blowing. It  
is the signal of alarm uttered by the  
flamingo sentinels. At once the troop  
halts—wings are spread; the birds are  
about to fly.

Too late!

As if launched from a catapult, a great  
spotted body springs from the reeds and  
falls upon the ranks of the birds, who,  
thus taken by surprise, close their wings  
again at the very moment they were about  
to rise.

"A jaguar!" we all shout together.

It was an enormous jaguar, too, that  
had thus flung himself upon the unhappy  
birds, who seemed absolutely paralyzed by  
the suddenness of this unexpected onset.  
Right now a thousand flamingoes ring through  
the air. At first they were cries of fear  
and alarm; but now they are rallying  
cries, bugle calls, sounding to arms. Right  
and left everywhere a thousand bodies  
are sounding! What a tumult, what a  
tumult, what a cacophony! Far from  
dreaming of flight, and fully recovered  
from their first surprise, the long-legged  
birds all close in their assailant whose  
jaws and talons dismember, crush, tear  
them in vain. What matter? he will  
never carry off his prey. Are they not  
strong? Ten fall, fifty rise to take their  
place.

There is a terrible carnage.

But all the formidable leaps of the  
jaguar cannot now beat against the circle  
into which he has been skillfully  
hemmed by the admirable tactics of his  
enemies. They have closed him in, and  
with their hard, black, conical beaks, solid  
as steel, they keep piercing his flanks and  
sides. He thought he was about to secure  
an easy prey; he is already compelled to  
fight as hard as he knows how for his  
life. All about the feline, victims whirl  
in air—like immense shuttlecocks—to fall  
lifeless upon a heap of corpses.

Al! the brave birds! how courageous  
they are!

Every back stroke goes right through  
the side of the jaguar, and is followed by  
a gust of blood. But the attack is chiefly  
directed against the head of the wild beast  
—they always keep striking at him there,  
in spite of the awful jaw that keeps open-  
ing and closing with a sound of grinding  
bones.

In a very little while the leaps of the  
jaguar are less high; he turns and turns  
and turns upon himself, rushes first right  
and then left, still maintaining the  
struggle, he strives to seek safety in  
flight. But he strives in vain. He cannot  
escape from those thousands of pon-  
ards which strike him incessantly upon  
every side, and against which he can no  
longer fight. The birds have put out his  
eyes. He is blind.

With the outpour of his blood from a  
thousand wounds his strength soon leaves  
him. He staggers, falls, rises only to  
fall again, and drag himself a few feet  
further. It is all up with him. In an-  
other minute his body is torn to shreds.

The king of the South American car-  
nivora is now only a formless mass of  
quivering flesh and fur.

The victorious flamingoes spread their  
wings and rise.

For a few moments we can follow the  
flight of the phenomenon, dazling the  
eye by the brilliancy of their flamboyant  
plumage and forming one immense and  
splendid fiery line under the last gleams  
of sunset.

They sail away toward the west; they  
melt into a purple cloud; they disappear.  
In their place we now see a cloud  
black as ebony, previously invisible—  
whirling far above us in vast concentric  
circles.

After the battle the pillow! The birds  
of prey are going to devour the jaguar  
and his victims.—From the French of  
Henry Letourque in New Orleans Times-  
Democrat.

## THE LION TRADE IN LONDON.

Is the trade brisk in lions? Yes. The  
week before last I sold one to the Antwerp  
Zoological gardens for £300. Imported  
forest bred lions are always worth their  
money, but those that are brought up in  
gardens and menageries are not nearly so  
valuable. They become stunted in their  
growth and deformed. The system of  
breeding lions in one family is responsible  
for this degeneracy, and what should be  
done is to mix the blood by means of im-  
ported lions. The principal source of sup-  
ply is Africa. The war in the Sudan put  
a stop to the traffic in them, but I can  
still import plenty. A good male lion is  
worth about £300. The value of a  
female is something like that sum.—  
Pall Mall Budget.

## SMOKING CARS DEMONSTRATING.

A Boston man who travels to and from  
his home on a railroad thought that the  
effect of daily riding in the filthy smok-  
ing cars of the road must have a demon-  
strating effect. So he investigated and in  
time established the following facts: The  
proportion of men who come to town in  
the morning with unshaven faces is 5 per  
cent, greater in the smoking than in the  
other cars, and that of men whose boots  
are unlaced 6 1/2 per cent, more in the  
former than it is in the latter.—New  
York Sun.

## THERE ARE ONLY TWENTY-FOUR JAPANESE RESIDENTS IN NEW YORK CITY.

Off obscure the road that leads to health,  
Unmarked by board or sign;  
Wisdom awaits not, neither is wealth  
To both those aches of life.  
To do not despair, with life there's hope,  
The cloud conceals the sun.  
With Pierre's Favorite Prescription at hand  
You'll find life's full course may run.

More truth than poetry in these lines, as  
thousands of ladies all over the land now  
blooming with health, testify to the great  
curative powers of Dr. Pierre's Favorite  
Prescription, adapted by much research and  
careful study to the happy relief of all those  
weaknesses and ailments peculiar to fe-  
males. All druggists.

## AT NIGHT ALWAYS HAVE PIERRE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION.

At night, it is the only safe  
medicine yet made that will remove all  
infantile disorders. It contains no Opium  
or Morphine, but gives the child natural  
ease from pain. Price 25 cents. Sold by  
Frank H. Coblenz, corner Market and  
High Streets.

## SHILOH'S COUGH AND CONSUMPTION CURE IS SOLD BY F. A. GARWOOD ON A GUAR- TEE. IT CURES CONSUMPTION.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from  
errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous  
weakness, early decay, loss of manhood,  
etc., I will send a receipt that will cure you  
free of charge. This great remedy was  
discovered by a missionary in South Amer-  
ica. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev.  
Joseph T. Inman, Station D, New York  
City.

# SCHOOL HATS! SCHOOL HATS!

The Largest Variety and Lowest Prices to be had in the City.

COME AND SEE WHAT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS TO \$1 WILL BUY.

## SULLIVAN, THE HATTER,

LAGONDA HOUSE BLOCK

# A BIG STOCK OF FALL GOODS!

I am now ready to show a complete stock of substantial and stylish line of Fall Clothing. Men's Cassimere Sack Suits, Men's Cassimere Cutaway Frock Suits, Men's Fancy Worsted Sack Suits, Men's Fancy Worsted Frock Suits, Men's Blue and Black Fine Corkscrew Suits, in Sack, Cutaway and Prince Albert style; a full and complete line of Pants at all prices. A full and most complete stock of

## YOUTHS', BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING!

From the lowest to the finest grades. Biggest stock in the city in Men's, Boys' and Children's Overcoats, embracing everything that is desirable for people of large or small means. Every garment is marked with selling price in plain figures, and my prices will please you. My aim is to give every purchaser full value and guarantee full satisfaction. Remember that I am on hand with everything that is desirable in the way of Clothing. Give me a call. It will do you good.

M. D. LEVY, "THE OLD RELIABLE"  
ONE PRICE CLOTHIER,  
CORNER MAIN AND MARKET STS.

## THE OPENING GUN! DON'T WAIT. COME AT ONCE!

HONORABLE BEN. BRUCE, HAUKE & CO'S

## GREAT BUTTERWORTH SLAUGHTER SALE!

AT THE WIGWAM,

FRIDAY EVENING,

SEPTEMBER 23, 1887.

## WIGWAM, SLAUGHTER IN BOYS' CLOTHING!

HUNDREDS of men's Sack and Frock Suits, open or to button, high, round or square cut, bound or double-stitched edges, cut high, medium or low. These suits, made to sell at \$15, \$17, \$20 and \$22, will be slaughtered this week at \$8, \$10, \$12, \$14 and \$15, in blue cloths, plaids, checks stripes, etc. Suits for business marked down to \$5, \$6, \$7 and \$8.

Children's \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50 Knee Pants School Suits, reduced to \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.25. Children's \$4, \$5, \$6 and \$7 Suits, reduced to \$2.50, \$3 and \$4.

The Biggest, Most Palpable Hit of the Season.

BRUCE, HAUKE & CO.,

POPULAR CLOTHIERS, 17 AND 19 HIGH ST. AND ARCADE.

## JOHN H. WILSON, MERCHANT TAILOR!

NOS. 26 AND 28 EAST MAIN STREET.

New line of Fall Goods just opened, and the largest stock to select from. All goods first-class and complete satisfaction assured.

## FINE GOODS, FINE FITS AND FINE STORE.

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## WHELDON & MERRILL,

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